shilling apiece, and no abatement by the quantity. And you will find the same condition of affairs all over the country, for every dealer, great or small, scents money in the air at the approach of a presumably opulent foreigner. Strolling down to the water's edge, you come upon heaps of crabs, shrimps, lobsters and other slimy vermin of the sea; and a dirty lot of Greek fishermen, cleaning, salting and selling their finny plunder, throwing the offal into the street for pedestrians to walk over, and swearing "like troopers" the while—if it be true that troopers swear worse than anybody else

A PICTURESQUE AQUEDUCT.

One of the sights that most impress a stranger in Rio is the old Carioca aqueduct, a remnant of colonial times, constructed a century and a half ago, and as picturesque as historically interesting. It is twelve miles long and crosses the valley between Santa Thereza and San Antonio hill on a double series of arches, the gap being ninety feet deep and 740 feet wide. Its water supply is drawn from several small streams flowing down the Carioca hills, and at its head are three tanks, built of cut stone, called the "Mae d' Agua"—mother of water. The work of conveying water into the city was begun by the Jesuits as early as 1673, and their aqueduct—made of open tile laid on foundations of masonry—passed down to the present reservoir on the Largo da Carioca. It was partly built by the conquered Indians, but completed by African slaves, which the municipality imported for the purpose; and, though somewhat demoralized by wind and weather, it is yet in use. The later aqueduct did not follow quite the same course, though it empties at the same place, and its tall stone arches, spanning the busy Rua (street) dos Arcos, ninety feet above, form one of Rio's quaintest attractions. As the city grew the water supply had to be further increased; and now much of it comes from Rio do Ouro water-works. The latter, being of modern construction, are much more elaborate in character than the old ones, but probably will not last as long. The plans were furnished to the government by English engineers and executed by English contractors, at the cost of about £2,500,000 sterling. Its minimum daily supply is estimated at ten million gallons, and its receiving-reservoir is four hundred feet above the sea level, thirty-three miles from the main distributing-reservoir, from whence the water is carried throughout the city in iron pipes, supplying the best modern houses. Yet the great bulk of the population still go to the old reservoir on the Largo da Carioca, or depend upon the water-carriers for the daily supply; and to them the old Jesuit aqueduct is the first and greatest wonder of the world, never to be equaled by modern engineering. In the early mornings the streets swarm with water-carriers, and with house servants going after the day's supply, bearing casks and buckets upon their heads. As in the days when Rebecca went to the well, the public fountains are the great meeting-places for gossipers. Those of Rio present a scene of perpetual animation, and often a detachment of soldiers have to be called to preserve order.

AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

Among the ancient land-marks is the little church on Castle hill, whose construction was begun in 1567, immediately after the site of the city was changed from Villa Velha to that it now occupies. It was dedicated to Sao Sebastiao, the city's patron saint, and the ashes of the founder, Estacio de Sa, rest within its walls. For about two centuries it served as the cathedral church—until the Capella Imperial was built, at the corner of the streets now patriotically called "First of March" and "Seventh of September. The latter is the most interesting edifice, historically, in Rio. It occupies the site of an ancient hermitage of the Carmelites, who had a monastery close by. King Joao VI selected the little church for a "Capella Imperial" and connected it with the old palace and the monastery by covered bridges built over the street for the convenience of the royal family. King John made extensive improvements in the chapel and Dom Pedro I entirely rebuilt its facade. Externally it is shabby and dilapidated, but its dim and mouldy interior is attractive by reason of ancient altar pieces and paintings executed by long-dead monks. Its arrangement is as Portuguese as anything in Portugal, and if the restless spirit of old D. Joao walks anywhere it is sure to be here. The most fashionable church in Rio is the "Igreja da Gloria do Outeiso," situated on Gloria hill, overlooking the bay and seen by all inward and outward-bound vessels. It is octagonal in shape, small and solidly constructed. Being rather difficult of access, however, a sort of proxy "Igreja da Gloria" was constructed about thirty years ago, on the central Largo do Machado. The latter is a very large edifice, modeled after the Madeleine of Paris, but surmounted by a modern spire as ugly as a nightmare and finished inside with execrable taste in the way of gilding, paint and "gingerbread" work. Its position, however, is admirable, facing a lovely garden, whose central avenue of palms forms a natural entrance, flanked on either side by flower beds. There are half a dozen other large churches of the Roman faith, each of which is worth a visit.

PROTESTANT CHURCHES.

The Protestant churches of Rio are few in number and unpretending in appearance. The oldest is the English Episcopal, spoken of in a former letter, which was built under the provisions of the treaty of 1810, which stipulated that it should have the exterior appearance of a private house and use no bells. The earliest attempt at mission work in the city was by the American Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1835, but it was abandoned seven years later. About twenty years ago the Southern branch of the same denomination inaugurated another mission here, which has resulted in the organization of two prosperous societies for regular service in English and Portuguese, the building of a rather handsome church edifice, and the creation of a first-class school for girls, which occupies the site of a Jesuit Indian mission. Though small, the Methodist church is the best specimen of church architecture in Rio, with a seating capacity of about four hundred. It was completed in 1886. The American Baptist Society also has a mission here, established about eight years ago, but has not yet erected a church. The church of the American Presbyterian mission is a plain, substantial structure of roughly dressed granite, set well back from the street within its own grounds, and partially concealed by the mission buildings. It has a seating capacity of 600. The services are conducted in Portuguese, and its society is largely composed of natives. There is a German Evangelical Church on the Rua dos Invalidos ("street of sick people"), very small and plain in appearance. The society was established here about sixty years ago. The oldest existing mission is that known as the "Igreja Evangelica Fluminense," which was founded by a Scotch physician, Dr. R. R. Kalley, and is now composed almost exclusively of converted Portuguese and Brazilians. Their sanctuary, on the Rua de San Joaquine, looks like anything but a church, having been built according to the provisions of the treaty regulating Protestant worship, although finished as late as 1886. A school is maintained in connection, and its work is said to be most excellent.

FANNY B. WARD.

Forward Young Women.

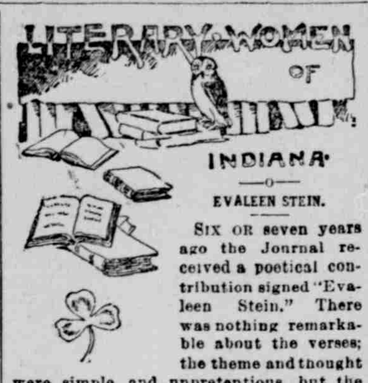
New York Independent.

The young women are coming forward in the Southern Presbyterian Church, so much so that a warning has to be given against it. The assembly at its late session took action encouraging the formation of young people's societies, but did not, as one of their papers tells us, "express an inhibition of an undue conspicuousness of the young women in these societies." That this "undue conspicuousness" needs inhibiting is evident from the fact that this evil has already gone so far, we are told, "that young ladies have been acting as leaders in such meetings in the presence of young men." This is pure paganism, and Diana and Minerva could not have acted worse in a session of the gods on Olympus.

What Is a Honeymoon.

Music and Drama.

The following is the prize definition: A honeymoon is the sum total of pleasure effected by the addition of one to one; when all that is disagreeable in life is subtracted; when joys multiply and an equal division of authority is exercised preceding the rule of three. The vestibule to heaven or hell. A honeymoon is that time before he finds out that she is not an angel—and vice versa.



EVALEEN STEIN.

Six or seven years ago the Journal received a poetical contribution signed "Evaleen Stein." There was nothing remarkable about the verses; the theme and thought were simple and unpretentious, but the lines formed a picture of a bit of out-door life that caught the editorial attention, and the poem was printed. Since then the name has become a familiar one to Journal readers, and from time to time have come inquiries concerning Miss Stein's personality. It is a peculiar trait in human nature that creates among strangers an interest in an author apart from his work. Considered in one light the public has no rightful concern with the literary producer distinct from the production. If a poem pleases, is not that enough? If a story thrills, or an essay stimulates, why should the reader not be content with what is given him without seeking, as politicians say, to go back of the returns? Vain query. He is not content, but, on the contrary, the deeper the impression made by the writings the more does he insist upon a nearer acquaintance with the writer. In this determination he is animated by something more than mere curiosity. That element in literature or art which comes closest to nature or to the springs of life is quickly recognized and touches a common chord. All to whom the message comes accept it with a sense of pleased surprise that another should have expressed their thoughts or experienced emotions like to their own, and at once feel that it creates a bond between them. The same is true of the others—a more select few—who appreciate the finer strokes, the art that conceals art, the flights of imagination and the underlying motive of any bit of work. Here comes a sense of the kinship of appreciation and a wish to know something of one who has the power to win their attention. The shyest of writers can not object to this natural and kindly interest.

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When Miss Stein sent her first contribution to the Journal she was scarcely more than a school-girl. Up to that time she had not manifested any special literary bent and has no record of precocious development that is a feature in the biographies of so many modern verse writers. She did not "lisp in numbers," but made her way through the monotonous but disciplinary round of the public schools, displaying no marked degree of talent beyond her companions. Discerning teachers might have discovered the promise and the drift of her mind from her propensity to indulge in dreamy reveries and her fondness for poring over volumes of poetry, but it is to be feared that they regarded these manifestations as highly reprehensible, inasmuch as they were accompanied by a corresponding distaste for the studies much esteemed by instructors of youth, namely, arithmetic and algebra. Was ever yet boy or girl persuaded to forego the stolen delights of romance because of authoritative assurance that the study of mathematics strengthened the mind? Certainly not; at all events, when the perverse juvenile mind, loathing mathematics and reveling in imaginative literature, refused to be "strengthened" by the systematic method. Fortunately for the young girl, the gratification of this insatiable fondness for reading was not left to chance or her time wasted and taste vitiated by the perusal of worthless books. At home she had the freedom of a library containing the world's best literature and the inestimable advantage of the guidance of cultivated and intellectual parents. Her father, the late John A. Stein, known throughout the State as a brilliant lawyer, was a man of high literary attainments, and in his younger days was a frequent contributor of verse and prose to the leading periodicals of the time. How much of the daughter's talent is due to the father's instruction and influence, and how much to heredity, is a matter for psychologists to speculate upon.

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Miss Stein is, first of all, an artist. She has the artistic temperament, an artist's perceptions and the artist's power of delineation, both with brush and pen. It is for her gift in pictorial and decorative art, in fact, that she is best known in certain circles, her time being chiefly occupied in doing decorative designing and painting. Under her skillful fingers the flowers, and grasses, and flitting birds whose charms she celebrates in musical verse, grow into lifelike beauty on silken hangings or paneled walls. Her work in this line is in great demand. Though nominally a contributor to the decorative art societies of New York and Chicago, those establishments secure few of her productions, owing to the pressure on her hands of special orders. She takes a genuine pleasure in this class of work—marred occasionally, by the atrocious butchering of her designs by the ambitious persons who attempt to complete them with brush or needle—but, like all true artists, is ambitious of further success. She has a special fondness for painting animals—a line of work as far removed as possible from the conventionally decorative—and has a genuine gift in that direction. The past winter was spent by her in study, at the Chicago Art Institute and with Frederick W. Freer.

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But it is with her as a poet that the Journal has to do. In her verse the spirit of the artist is visible. She is a lover of nature, and penetrates beyond the outward seeming into its soul, as a poet must, but all its varied phenomena are distinct to her quick sense. She is a marvelously close observer. She is able to gather the effect as a whole, but it is made up to her of all its elements. Every detail is present to her eye, and it is impossible for her to be an "impressionist." She does not lay on her colors in the mass, though when all is done all the color is there, but it is produced line by line, and with the delicate touches that either in verse or canvas can alone do justice to nature's finer phases. Her eye sees the picture in its minutest part, even before its meaning is interpreted by her heart. Nearly all her poems touch upon out-of-door life—the world of bird, and tree, and blossom—and in every stanza is a picture, almost in every line. Winter and summer each have their charm for her. In January she finds a beauty in the moss—the one green thing that frosts do not fade.

For now most perfect grow
Those artful patterns, rich
With gold and silver, which
Do so emboss
The ground beneath the snow.

In winter evening she sees that—

The drowsy sparrows thickly dot
The clustered cedars, chirping low;
And evening wears a mantle shot
With shining flakes of snow.

In a sudden mood of discontent with a dull day she sings:

Ah me, sparrow! Had I but your power
Think you in the freezing sleet
I would waste an hour!
I'd say my sweetest to a sweet
Orange flower.

"In March" she detects the breath of coming spring:

Though even in the willow trees
No hint of budding shows,
Yet vague, faint odors scent the breeze
As sweet as any rose.

Her joy at being among the trees again is thus expressed:

Aye, throb, my heart! Is it not sweet to be,
To breathe, to bide by growing things once more!
We did not guess before
How close our life was locked in greenery.
* * * * * * *
It was not that within the city's core
There dwelt no sympathies nor interests keen,
No human tides to temper its fatigues—
'Twas only that we needed something more;
Some note rang wrong;
A foolish fancy, may be, but still strong.
That life sang sweeter matched between the green,
Close-lapping verdure of a fret of twigs.

In a picture of "Harvest Time" there is this touch:

Where one pink ray from drowsy day
Along the roadway lies,
The milkweed rears its waxy spheres,
Winged with butterflies.

Among the lily-pads:

Like rainbows in the limpid skies
That ripple in the river,
With flashing wings the dragon flies
In airy circles quiver.

* * *

In deep translucent pools the shoals
Of tiny minnows swimming,
Dart down where dewy star-grass bowls
On mimic banks are brimming.

A remarkable facility in the use of words and an exquisite sense of rhythm make her versification peculiarly musical. She has tried her hand at various forms of verse, from the rondeau and triolet to the stately chant royal, and with equal success, but with good taste confines herself, as a rule, to the simpler and less artificial forms.

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Miss Stein has lived all her life in Lafayette, Ind., and the woods, and hills, and waters whose beauties she is so fond of picturing are all Indiana scenes. Never had poet a warmer love for the country in which he was raised than she for the region with which she is most familiar. Even the eye of the casual and indifferent stranger may discover the picturesque features of the Wabash and its valley, but her affection extends to the prairies further north, and even includes the sluggish, sedgy Kankakee. She has celebrated both many times. Of a "Prairie Road" she gives this glimpse:

On either side, on level sweep
Of boundless, glowing, golden miles,
The summer sky bends blue and deep
And summer sunshine smiles.

Of Riverside in a shower she sings:

I drank its beauty like a dream,
Till after fitful failing,
The sun laughs gayly down the stream
And craggy clouds are sailing,
Where southward in a brilliant sky,
As light as any feather,
The little moon curves white and high
In token of fair weather.

But this young writer's work is so familiar to Journal readers that quotations are unnecessary in illustration of her style. A peculiarity of her work is its suggestiveness. When she writes of a woodland path, a "happy hollow," a tree in bloom, or an old garden, she brings vividly before the mind of the reader, not her path, or orchard or garden, perhaps, but one that is dear to his memory; to his awakened senses come a picture of that once familiar fern-bordered, winding road, the tangled vines in the garden, the fragrance of the blossoming orchard and the hum of the bees in the clover. It is a happy faculty for a poet to have—better than making new pictures, soon to be forgotten. Miss Stein occasionally contributes prose sketches to the local press—prose that is quite like poetry in all but rhyme—but the most of her printed writing is in verse. Poems from her pen have appeared in St. Nicholas, the Boston Transcript and other Eastern papers, and many of her contributions to the Journal have been widely copied. Specimen verses are included in at least one popular collection of American poetry, and the readiness with which her work lends itself to illustration has given bits of it place in two beautifully illustrated books, issued by Lee & Shepard, of Boston. It is hoped by the young writer's friends that she will publish a volume of her own, illustrated with her own drawings. Such a work would be an admirable addition to Indiana literature and art.

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Of her personality it is difficult to speak without trespassing on the shyness and modesty that are among her distinguishing characteristics, yet it is a glimpse of this personality that the public cares for. It is enough to say that she is tall, and slender, and graceful, with a gracious manner that is none the less winning because of the timidity with which it is tempered. Instead of the dark eyes that might be looked for with the black hair and brunette complexion, are dreamy gray eyes that show why the æsthetic tendencies in her nature predominate. In all her ways she is daintiness personified, even to her handwriting, which has a character of its own. It is a common saying among her friends that she is like her poems, and to those who know both this somewhat enigmatical comparison is entirely clear. Further than this it may be said that all her friends are her admirers, and entertain great hopes for her future.